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GERMINAL,

Or, the Story of a Great Miners' Strike.

BY EMILE ZOLA.

Translated from the French.

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Anton Lantier, a mechanic, unable to find employment at his trade in Paris, drifts into the interior of France and brings up at the Montson coal mining region, in early spring. Being without money he readily accepts work in the Vulture mine and soon becomes an expert workman. The low wages of the miners, a constant struggle against hunger, and the miserable condition of old and young, excites in him a lively interest and he begins the study of methods tending to alleviate their condition. Gradually he imparts his ideas to others and readily secures the support and co-operation of the poor, struggling workmen. A saving fund is started to which each miner contributed, the money thus obtained to be used to support the men in case of trouble with the coal companies. By the 1st of November the fund amounted to a considerable sum, and the miners, emboldened by this fact, determined to resist a new method of payment introduced by a majority of the companies, which was to go into effect on the first of December. The plan of the companies was to divide the ten centimes paid for each car of coal, one-half to go toward paying for propping in the drifts of the mines. The workmen, to fortify their position in case of revolt, worked nfteen days under the new system of payment, and found that it was an indirect but effective method of reducing their wages. To strike was the only alternative. Meetings were held and a delegation appointed to wait upon the managing director of the mines and lay before him the demands of the men—the abolition of the new system of payment and an increase of nve centimes per car. Anton's ability and sagacity made him at once the leader in the strike. The interview of the miners with the manager was without result, and the men, with very little hope of ultimate success, settled down to a long and bitter struggle—the struggle of poverty against unlimited wealth.

CHAPTER XX.

The meeting was to be held on Thursday at two o'clock at the Bon-Joyeux. The old woman was exasperated at the misery which had been made for her children, the coal men, especially as her saloon was always empty. Never had strikers been less thirsty; even the drunkards fastened themselves in their houses rather than disobey wise orders given them. The streets of Montson which was so crowded on fete days now bore a mournful air of desolation. No more beer was handed over the bars. Before the Cacsmuir and the Progress nothing was to be seen but the pale faces of the saloonkeepers, watching the road. the Enfant, Tison, Piquette, Tete-coupee all were deserted, only Saint Eloi, which was frequented by the overseers, drinks were still poured out. Even at the Volcan which was kept by a woman, no sound was heard.

"Great heavens!" cried old Desir. "The gendarmes would be after me if they found it out, but I must fool them."

She had acceded with pleasure to the demands of Anton. Her entire house should be given up to the miners, she would lend them her ball room gratuitously, and even send out the invitations if they wished. On the following day the young man carried her fifty letters to sign, which had been copied by the neighbors who knew how to write. These invitations were sent off to the delegates and some other men whom they could trust. The business of the day named was to discuss the continuation of the strike, and as Pluchart was expected they counted on a talk from him to win the men over to join the International.

Thursday morning Anton became uneasy. Pluchart, who had sent a dispatch saying he would be there on Wednesday evening, had not yet arrived. What was the matter? Anton was in despair at not being able to talk with him before the meeting. At nine o'clock he went to Montson, thinking that the mechanic had perhaps gone straight there without stopping at the Vulture.

"No, I've not seen your friend," said old Desir. "But everything is ready. Come in and see."

She led him to the ball-room. The decoration remained the same, garlands of paper flowers reaching across the ceiling, but the musicians' stand was replaced by a table and three chairs, and a number of benches ranged along the walls.

"It is all right," said Anton.

"You must make yourself at home now. Bawl all you please. The gendarmes will have to pass over my body if they come."

In spite of his uneasiness he could not help smiling at her words.

At that moment Rasseneur and Jonvarine entered, and when the old woman left them together in the great empty hall, Anton cried:

"What! you here already?"

Jouvarine had come in out of simple curiosity. The machinists of the Vulture were not on a strike and he was now working at night. Rasseneur had seemed uneasy for two days; his round, fat face had lost its jolly smile.

Did you know that Pluchart hasn't come yet?" said the young man to him.

He turned his face aside, and at last replied between his teeth:

"That don't astonish me. I don't expect him."

"Why?"

Then looking the other in the face he replied with a grave air:

"Because I wrote to him, if you wish to know, and in that letter I begged him not to come. Yes, I thought you ought to attend to your own affairs without asking strangers to help you."

Anton, trembling with rage, stammered out:

"You did that; you did that?"

"Certainly, I did that; and you know moreover I have confidence in Pluchart. He's sly, but a person can get along with him. But your ideas would make one crazy. Politics, government—all that sets me crazy. What I want is to see the miners better treated. I worked at the bottom for twenty years, and suffered so much misery that I swore to obtain some ease for the poor devils who are there still. I know very well that you'll get nothing at all with your foolishness; you'd make the life of the workmen still more miserable. When hunger forces them to go back to work they'll be ground down still more, the company'll pay them back with blows like an escaped dog which has been made to return to his kennel. I want to prevent that if I can. Do you understand?"

His voice grew louder, and his calm, reasonable nature clearly shown out in his words, which came freely, without effort. Was it not stupid to think that they could change the world in a moment—to put the workmen in the place of aristocrats and divide the money like a lot of apples? It would take thousands and thousands of years to do that. Why did they ruin their peace of mind by talking of miracles? The most stupid person should know better than that. Instead of making fools of themselves, why did they not endeavor to lead the company by their good conduct to make a better condition of things?

Anton, filled with indignation, allowed him to speak on, then he cried:

"Great heavens, have you no blood in your veins?"

To resist a temptation to strike him, he walked up and down the room with great strides, occasionally sitting down on one of the benches; at last he opened the door leading to the bar room.

"Shut the door," said Jouvarine. "We don't want people to hear us."

On coming in the engineer had seated himself on one of the chairs before the desk. After rolling a cigarette he watched the two others with his keen, yet sharp eyes, his lips curled with a slight smile.

"It does no good to get angry," resumed Rasseneur. "I saw from the first that you had some good sense. It was very wise of you to take command of the strikers, to force them to remain at home, using your wisdom to obtain order, but now you are trying to get them into trouble."

At each of his turns Anton flew up to the saloon keeper and taking him by the shoulder shook him, crying his replies in the man's face.

"Yes, I have imposed discipline on them. I still advise them not to give in, but it was not necessary for you to make a fool of me in this way. You pride yourself on keeping cool; as for me there are times when I fear I am going mad."

He mocked at his first impressions as those of a neophyte, at his religious dream of a place where justice would soon reign between men who had become brothers. Let them cross their arms and wait if they wished to see until the end of the world men devour one another like so many wolves. No, they must take things in their own hands or injustice would be eternal, the rich always sucking the blood of the poor. He could not pardon himself for being foolish enough to have formerly said that they must banish the political from the social question. He was ignorant then but since he had read and studied his ideas had become matured; he now boasted of having a system. However, he explained it badly, in confused sentences which still kept a little of all the theories gone over and successively abandoned. At the head remained the ideas of Karl Marx, that capital was the result of spoliation and that work had the right and should enter into that stolen riches. Only things became confused as soon as he passed on to a practical programme. At first Proudhon had tempted him with the chimera of credit, a vast bank of exchange which would abolish all others; then he fancied the co-operative society of Lasalle, endowed by the commonwealth which little by little would transform the earth into a single industrial town, then the question of honest managers and the difficulty of control had disgusted him with it, and he had paused for a time at collectiveness "which demanded that all the instruments of labor should be rendered up into a collection. His rallying cry in the strike was: "The mine for the miner!" He did not yet know how to realize his new dream, which again brought up scruples as to its being sensible and right. He simply said that it was the question to take possession of the government before all. They would see.

"But why have you changed; why have you gone over to the owner's side?" continued he, returning and standing before the saloon-keeper. "You have owned up to it yourself."

Rasseneur slowly reddened.

"Yes, I said so, and I'm no more of a coward than any other. Only I refuse to be with those who get everything into a mess just to make a position for themselves."

Anton appeared uneasy. The two men became disagreeable, their sullen rivalry gaining on them. It was in the end the question of persons which angered them, throwing one into a revolutionary exaggeration and the other into affected prudence, carrying them away in spite of themselves above their true ideas into these fatal roles which they otherwise would not think of choosing. And Jouvarine, who listened with discrete curiosity, showed upon his blonde, girlish face a contemptuous silence, the overwhelming scorn of a man ready to give his life obscurely without even posing as a martyr.

"You mean that for me, do you?" demanded Anton. "You're jealous."

"Jealous of what?" replied Rasseneur. "I don't pose as a great man, nor do I try to form a society in Montson to become its secretary."

The other endeavored to interrupt him, but he added:

"Be frank now; you're only using the International as a pretense to play the gentleman and commence a correspondence with the famous council of the north."

A silence fell: then Anton, very pale, replied:

"I never thought to be reproached by you. I have always consulted you, for I know that you fought here long before me. But when you would allow no one to say a word but yourself, I acted alone from that time on. And from the first I warned you that the meeting would be held even if Pluchart didn't come, and that the men would adhere in spite of you."

"They haven't done so yet," murmured the saloon-keeper; "wait until they are asked for an assessment."

"The International don't compel workmen on a strike to pay their dues at once. The can pay later on, and the society will come to our aid at once."

Rasseneur suddenly became furious.

"Well, we'll see! I'm here and I shall speak. I won't let you turn the heads of your friends. I will enlighten them upon their true interests. We'll see whom they'll follow—me, whom they've known for thirty years, or you, who have turned everything upside down in the one year that you've lived here. "No; give me peace, and we'll soon see who's for war."

And he went out, slamming the door. The garlands trembled; the shields swung to and fro on the wall. Then the great room again fell into its peaceful quiet.

Jouvarine was still smoking at the table. After having walked the floor for an instant in silence, Anton burst forth. Was it his fault if the people had left that great fool to come to him? And he defended himself for having become popular. He did not even know how it had come about, this good feeling of the whole alley, the confidence of his companions, the influence which he now had over them. He could not endure being accused of working for ambition, for his heart was as pure as an infant's. He grew indignant protecting his fraternity.

Suddenly, he paused before Jouvarine, crying:

"If I was to cause a friend to shed one drop of blood, I would go to America at once."

The machinist shrugged his shoulders, and a smile again crossed his face.

"Blood," murmured he. "What difference does that make? The earth needs it."

Anton, watching him, became calm, and seated himself on the opposite side of the table. That blonde face, with those thoughtful eyes, sometimes made him flush up with uneasiness, while it acted singularly upon his will. Without one word from his comrade, conquered by that silence alone, he felt himself calmed little by little.

"What would you do if you were in my place?" he asked. "Am I not right to wish to act? It's best, is it not, for us to join that society?"

Jouvarine after having blown out a jet of smoke replied by using his favorite word.

"Yes, it's foolishness, but the International will soon spread out. He's becoming interested."

"Who?"

"Him."

He pronounced that word in a tow voice, with an air of religious fervor, looking toward the east. It was of the master he spoke—Bakounine the Exterminator.

"He alone can do good, the others are all cowards," continued he. Before three years have passed the International under his government should overthrow the whole world.

Anton had become attentive. He burned for instruction, to comprehend that passion for distruction of which the Russian spoke of in out few words as though wishing to keep the mystery to himself.

"But explain it to me, what do you wish to do?"

"To destroy all. No more nations, no more government, no more proprietors no more God nor religion."

"I understand. Only what will that bring you to?"

"To the common place without form, to a new world, to a recommencement of all."

"And the means of execution, how do you expect to get to them?"

"By fire, by poison, by the knife. Brigands are the true heroes, the popular avengers, the veritable revolutionists in action without phrases learnt from books. It will be necessary for a series of terrible occurences to happen in order to terrify the rich and awaken the people."

In speaking, Jouvarine became terrible. He rose from his chair while a mystical flame shot from his clear eyes and his delicate hands were pressed against the table as though to crush it. Seized with fear Anton watched him, thinking of the tales which he had been told in confidence of bombs thrown into the palace of czar, police chiefs beaten down by blows of a hammer like wild boars. A mistress of this man's the only woman he had ever loved, hung at Moscow one May morning, while in the crowd he kissed her eyes for the last time.

"No, no," murmured Anton, with a gesture as if to ward off these abominable visions, "we haven't come to that yet. The assassin, the incendiary, never! It is terrible, it is unjust. All the miners would aid in strangling an assassin."

He did not understand. His race refused the somber dream of the extermination of the world, mowed down close to the ground like a field of rye. But what should they do, how beat back the people? He demanded a reply.

"Tell me your plan! We want to know what to do."

Then Jouvarine, who had resumed his cigarette, said quietly, with a lifeless and lost look:

"All reasonings upon the future are criminal, because they prevent destruction and impede the march of revolution."

Anton laughed in spite of the chill which crept over him at that reply, and he willingly confessed that there was some good in all that; he already comprehended more and more, and perhaps later on he would believe. Only that would give too good a chance to Rasseneur if he related these words to his companions. He tried to be practical.

Old Desir entered to invite them to lunch. They accepted and passed into the saloon which a movable partition separated from the ball room during the week. When they had finished their omelette and cheese, still an hour remained. Anton was uneasy for he had counted on Pluchart. At half-past one the delegates had commenced to arrive and he was obliged to receive them, for he wished to watch the entrances, fearing that the company would send their usual spies. He examined each letter of invitation, looking each person in the face. Those whom he knew, even though without invitations were admitted. At two o'clock Rasseneur, who had been quietly smoking a pipe before his own counter, returned. That sight unnerved Anton all the more, especially as some fellows had come there simply for fun, Zacharie, Moquet and some others; these boys laughed at the strike, thinking it nice to do nothing, and sitting down at a table spent their last two sous for drinks. They laughed at their comrades, telling them they were going to do some foolish things.

A quarter of an hour had passed when Jouvarine came out to say that the men were growing impatient. Then Anton in his despair became resolute, and he was about to follow the machinist back to the ball room, when old Desir, who had been watching the road, cried:

"Here's your gentleman."

They flew to the door. It was really Pluchart. He had arrived in a carriage drawn by a winded horse. He immediately jumped out upon the pavement. He was slight, insipid-looking, with a large square head, looking like a well-to-do workmen dressed in his Sunday best. For five years he had not done a stroke of work, and he took great care of himself, being particular about the manner in which his hair was combed. His limbs were still and the nails of his large hands had never grown again after leaving off work. Very active, he rendered an honest service to his ambition, beating about the provinces without rest to advance his socialistic ideas.

"Ah! don't bear any ill will against me," said he, anticipating the question. "Yesterday there was a meeting at Preuilly in the morning, and in the evening a conference at Valencay. To-day I was obliged to meet Lauvagnat at Marchiennes. Then I was able to procure a carriage to bring me here. But I am weary; you can tell by my voice. Still that makes no difference. I'll speak all the same."

He was entering the Bon-Joyeux when a thought struck him.

"Gracious! I've forgotten the cards. We must do things right."

He returned to the carriage which the coachman was already turning around, and he took from the seat a little black wooden case, which he carried under his arm.

Anton, happy, walked behind him, while Rassaneur, ill at ease, held out his hand, which the latter took, speaking a hasty word about the letter; what a strange idea! Why should they not have that meeting, they should always have one when they were able. Desir asked him to take a drink, but he refused, he could talk without drinking, and he was in a hurry as he must be at Joiselle that night. He wished to have a talk with a man there named Legoujeux. They all entered the ball room together. Mahon and Levaque, who had just arrived, followed them in and the door was locked, in order to be more private.

A hundred miners were waiting there. Heads were turned and whispers heard as the newcomers sat down in the empty seats. They looked at the gentleman from Lille, whose black frock coat caused a surprise and uneasiness.

But, on the proposition of Anton, they constituted the bureau. He called the names and the others approved by raising their hands. Pluchart was made president, then Mahon and Anton were chosen Assessors. There was a moving of chairs and the bureau installed itself. For an instant the president disappeared under the table where he placed the little box which he had not yet let go of. When he again appeared he struck a light blow with his fist to call the meeting to order, then he began in a hoarse voice:

"Citizens."

A small door opened. It was Desir who had come around by the kitchen bearing six drinks on a waiter.

"Don't disturb yourself," said she. "When a person speaks they're bound to be thirsty."

Jouvarine, sitting near the gentleman, took the waiter from her and set it on a corner of the table. Pluchart could now continue, he thanked them for his good reception, excusing himself for being late, spoke of his fatigue and sore throat. Then he sat down to allow Rasseneur to speak.

The saloon-keeper had already stationed himself near the table beside the drinks. A turned-over chair served him as a platform; he was much confused and coughed before letting out his full voice:

"Comrades."

That which gave him power over the miners was the facility with which he spoke, the good nature shown to them, without ever growing tired, risking no gestures, he remained grave yet smiling, astonishing them so much that they cried, "Yes, yes, it's true, you're right." But this day from his first words he felt a sullen opposition as he prudently advanced. He only discussed the continuation of the strike, waiting to be applauded before attacking the International.

Without doubt, honor forbade them to yield to the unreasonableness of the company; only what misery, what a terrible future was before them if they held out longer. And without speaking of becoming submissive he weakened their courage by pointing out the people in the alleys dying of hunger; he wished to know upon what resources they counted. The applause of a few friends only served to emphasize the silence of the greater number whose disapprobation became greater and greater. Then in dispair of winning them back his rage carried him away. He predicted unhappiness and grief for them if their heads were turned by the words of a stranger. All arose in anger, wishing to prevent him from saying more, after he had insulted and treated them like children incapable of taking care of themselves. And he, drinking gulp by gulp some drafts of beer, spoke in the midst of the tumult, crying violently that the man was not yet born who could prevent him from doing his duty.

Pluchart stood up, and having no bell, he beat on the table with his fist, saying in his hoarse voice:

"Citizens; citizens."

Finally he obtained a slight calm and the meeting called to order. They took the word from Rasseneur. The delegates who had represented the miners in the interview with the director led on the others with their ideas. It ended in a determined vote to advance.

"What difference does it make to you? You've got enough to eat," yelled Levaque, shaking his fist at Rasseneur.

Anton, behind the president, was trying to quiet Mahon who had flashed up with a terrible rage at that canting talk, while Jouvarine looked on little by little becoming warmed up, a flame at the bottom of his clear eyes.

"Citizens," said Pluchart, "permit me to speak."

A profound silence fell. He began speaking in a hoarse voice, but he was accustomed to talking and little by little he inflated his throat, drawing out some pathetic efforts. With outstretched arms had the eloquence of a clergyman or lecturer with a habit of letting fall the close of his sentences of which the humming monotone ended by convincing.

And he began his discourse on the greatness and goodness of the International. He explained its aim, the emancipation of workmen; he showed them the enlarging structure, at the bottom the commune, above that the province, still higher the nation, and at the top of all humanity. His arms were slowly extended, massing up the stories, uplifting the immense cathedral of the future world. Then came the interim administration. He read the laws, spoke of congresses, the continual progress of the work, the enlarging of the programme which set out the discussion of salaries, attacking now the social liquidation so as to end with a higher salary. No more nationality, the workmen of the entire world would unite in a common wish for justice, sweeping away the rotten rulers, at last founding a free society where those who did not work could not reap. He cried out now; his breath seemed to frighten the very flowers under the smoky ceiling.

They nodded their heads: some cried:

"That's true. We're with you."

He continued. Before three years the world would be conquered. Adherents poured in on all sides. No new religion ever had so many followers. Then, when they could be masters, they would dictate the law to their superiors, they should in their turn have their fists upon the others' throats.

"Yes, yes; they will fall."

With a gesture he demanded silence. Now he was approaching the question of the strike. In principle he did not approve of what they had done, for that was a slow means which only aggravated more the sufferings of the workmen. But, on understanding that it was inevitable, they must make the best of it; they at least had the advantage of disorganizing the capital. And in that case held up the international as a providence for the strikers; he cited some examples: In Paris, at the time of the strike of the bronze workmen the owners had suddenly agreed to all, seized with terror at the news that the International was sending aid; at London it had saved the coal men by sending back, at its own expense a gang of men from Belgium, sent for by the mine owners. It sufficed to win them over, the workmen entered into the grand army of workingmen, deciding to die for each other sooner than remain the slaves of a society of capitalists

Applause interrupted him. He wiped his face with his handkerchief, refusing the drink which Mahon passed him. When he wished to proceed new applause cut short his words.

"It's all right," said he to Anton. "Quick, hand me the cards."

He plunged once more under the table and reappeared with the black case.

"Citizens," cried he above all the noise, "here are the cards of membership. If your delegates will come forward I will give them up and they can distribute them. Later on we will regulate all."

Rasseneur arose to again protest. Anton was agitated fearing he should be compelled to speak. An extreme confusion had come upon him. Levaque threw out his fists into the empty air as if he was going to beat himself. Standing, Mahon was speaking without being able to hear a single word. And Jouvarine he accompanied his sentences with a singular movement of the shoulders. He at last interested, knocked on the table with both fists trying to assist Pluchart in obtaining silence.

Suddenly the little door opened. Desir thundered forth:

"Be quiet for God's sake. Here are the gendarmes."

It was the commissary of that district coming to break up the meeting. Four gendarmes accompanied him. For five minutes the old woman had kept them outside her door, saying that she had a right to entertain her friends. But they had thrown her aside and she had run to warn her children.

"You can all go through here," she resumed. "There is a gendarme guarding the yard; that makes no difference; my little woodshed leads into an alley, so make haste."

The commissary was already rapping the door with his fists, and when they would not open he threatened to break it in.

In the hall the trouble was augmenting. They could not run away, they had not even voted either for the adhesion or the continuation of the strike. Every one tried to speak at once. Finally the president thought of a plan to vote by acclamation. Arms were raised, the delegates hastily declared they would adhere in the name of their absent comrades. And it was thus that the ten thousand coal men of Montson became members of the International.

In the meantime the fight had commenced. Protecting the retreat Desir leaned against the door while the gendarmes clubs shook her back. The miners jumped over the benches and flew through the kitchen and woodshed. Rasseneur was one of the first to disappear and Levaque following him forgot his anger so much as to offer him a drink. Anton after seizing hold of the little case, waited with Pluchart, Mahon and Jouvarine who felt it was honorable to be the last to leave. When they left Desir turned the key and the commissary found himself in the presence of the old woman who was all alone.

"You did a big thing to break into my house, didn't you. You see there's no one here."

The commissary, a slow man, who had become weary from some drinks he had been taking, simply threatened to put her in prison, and went off to draw up a report, turning around his four gendarmes who were of no use to him now. Zacharie and Moquette, standing outside, laughed at this armed party.

Outside, in the alley, Anton, incommoded by the case, flew on, following the others. Suddenly he thought of Peters. He asked why he had not been there, and Mahon, still running, replied that he was ill—a good illness, the fear of compromising himself. They wished to detain Pluchart; but, without pausing, he declared that he must set out for Joiselle at once. Legoujeux was waiting there for orders. Then they wished him a pleasant journey, and did not slacken their speed, with arms swinging, all rushing from Montson. Some words were exchanged, intersected by their panting breath. "That has commenced to make progress," said Jouvarine, amused at the departure of Rasseneur. Anton and Mahon laughed with confidence, certain now of triumph, when the International should have sent them assistance. It would be the terrified company that, with clasped hands, would beg them to go back to work. And in that ray of hope, in that gallop of heavy shoes sounding upon the paved roads, there was another thing, something gloomy and fierce, a violence with which a breath had enfevered the alleys at the four corners of the country.

[TO BE CONTINUED MONDAY.]

THE ROCK SPRINGS MINERS.

A Few Facts From the Life of Wyoming's White Slaves.

Cheyenne Sun: A careful computation of the pay rolls show that the average month's pay of these hard-working, skilled miners is small. In July last the average was $63 to the man, and in August $64. From this a large deduction must be made, as the miners are required to furnish their own drills, picks and shovels, and to buy the powder and fuse they consume in mining; also to pay for sharpening their drills and picks, which is a daily expenditure. He must also buy the oil that he uses to enable him to do his work. After making the deductions from his meager compensation, there are matters of more consequence to be taken into consideration.

There is not a drop of water about the place, except the sluggish, muddy alkali stream, known as Bitter creek, that a pig would not wallow in, and the Union Pacific takes advantage of the circumstance to charge the miner's family thirty-five cents for each barrel of water! If the miner's cabin should be near the entrance to a mine he is charged $2.50 per ton for coal; flour he is obliged to pay from $1.00 to $1.50 per sack; for potatoes $1.50 to $2.00 per hundred, and for the poorest cuts of meat fifteen cents; and these supplies, if he lives at mine No. 6, he is obliged to pack on his back two miles over a rough alkali country. Rental is quite an item here, where the company owns the houses.

There are unmarried men in this camp who are practical miners and hard workers, who are temperate and economical, members of the Good Templar organization, in good standing who, after three years of steady work, cannot show $50 for their ardous toil and frugality. The men with families are put to the severest test to make a livelihood, requiring the assistance of mother and elder children in doing such work as they can secure, such as washing and sewing. It should be borne in mind that there is not a spear of grass within three miles of the town; no feed for domestic animals which are ordinarily the poor man's main stay; and no possibility of a garden.

CURES

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

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L. S. L.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached in its advertisements.

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early

COMMISSIONERS.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes, with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present state constution adopted December 2d, A. D. 1879.

The only lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any state.

It never scales or postpones.

Its grand single number drawings take place monthly.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. 10th Grand Drawing, Class K, in the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, Oct. 13th, 1885. 135th Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE $75,000

60,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each. Fractions, in Fifths, in Proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 CAPITAL PRIZE		$75,000
1 do do		25,000
1 do do		10,000
2 PRIZES OF	$5,000	10,000
5 do	2,000	10,000
10 do	1,000	10,000
20 do	500	10,000
100 do	200	20,000
200 do	100	20,000
500 do	50	25,000
1000 do	25	25,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
9 Approximation Prizes of $750		6,750
9 do do	500	4,500
9 do do	250	2,250
1967 Prizes, amounting to		$295,500

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the company in New Orleans.

For other information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter, currency by express all sums of $5 and upwards at our expense, addressed,

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Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such.

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers,

"Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability. * * *

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years."

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians.

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief.

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters that we had shunned for years before using it." THE PARENTS.

Prosecute the Swindler!!!

If when you call for Hop Bitters, (see green cluster of Hops on the white label) the druggist hands out any other stuff called C. D. Warner's German Hop Bitters or with other "Hop" name, refuse it and shun that druggist as you would a viper, and if he has taken your money for the stuff indict him for the fraud and sue him for the damages for the swindle and we will reward you liberally for the conviction.

DR. HAIR'S

Asthma Cure.

This invaluable specific readily and permanently cures all kinds of Asthma. The most obstinate and long standing cases yield promptly to its wonderful curing properties. It is known throughout the world for its unrivaled efficacy.

J. L. CALDWELL, city of Lincoln, Neb., writes, Jan. 25, 1884: Since using Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure, for more than one year, my wife has been entirely well, and not even a symptom of tae disease has appeared.

WILLIAM BENNETT, Richland, Iowa, writes, Nov. 24, 1883: I have been afflicted with Hay Fever and Asthma since 1859. I followed your directions and am happy to say that I never slept better in my life. I am glad that I am among the many who can speak so favorably of your remedies.

A valuable 64 page treatise containing similar proof from every state in the U. S., Canada and Great Britain, will be mailed upon application.

Any druggist not having it in stock will procure it.

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BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops imparts a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. To invalids and persons of sedentary habits it gives a relish for the generous article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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